

SHREK

10

30p



Ahoy there Smeg fans and welcome to Smegma # 10. This also happens to be the tenth anniversary issue as well. Ten zines in ten years how's that for production output. Fuckin shite eh. But at least we're still here. Anyway I'm not going to waffel on here as I want to get this zine finished and printed up. Lets face it it's about time. March 95 was the last time it saw the light of day. I hope to have the next one out in six months. I'd like to say cheers to all the bands who answered the interviews and also thanks to Asbro for the artwork on the Nasty Bastard and Incubus for the cider review photos. Hope you like the zine folks

Angus
Oct 97
NORBE STORY SO FAR

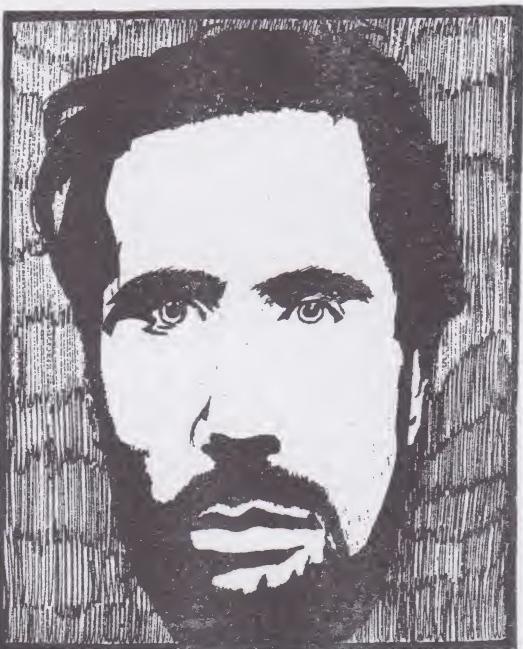
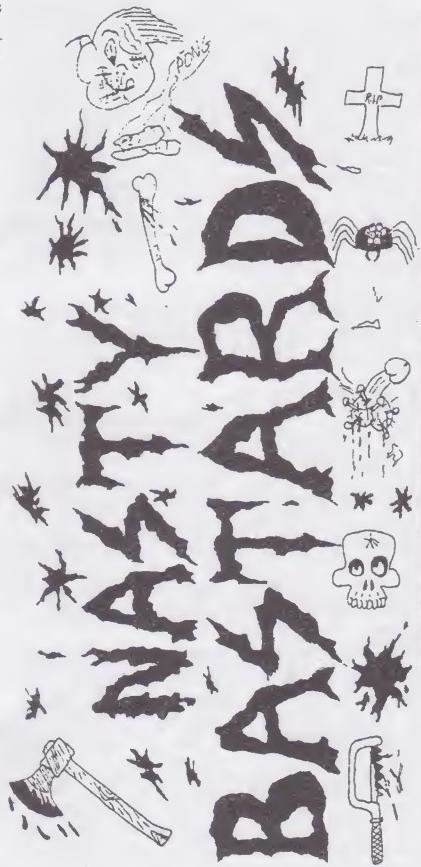


The Joker steals a deadly virus capable of wiping out a large segment of life on Earth. A day later Ronald Mc Donald kidnaps Norbert's friend Daisy the bovine rebel. Batman the night after appears at Norbert's house informing him of his friend's peril and of the Joker's acquisition of the deadly virus which he has threatened to release unless the U.N hand over to him the 700,000 elephants left in the world. He also informs Norbert that Ronald Mc Donald and the Joker are one in the same. The identity of the Joker being used by Mc Donald as a cover for his illegal activities. An unholy alliance has thus been formed between Batman, the arch vigilante of right wing capitalism, and Norbert, the cute little leftist liberator of bunny rabbits and other oppressed life forms, in order to recover the virus, free Daisy, save the world and stop the elephants from ending up as ivory ornaments and burger meat.

As Mc Donalds secret base is somewhere in South Amercia that is where Norbert has gone with his Ecology Commandos to link up with his Rio De Janeiro contact, Bacar, and for another meeting with Batman.

Two days later our comrades are in the city of Manus where they set off up the Amazon and it's tributaries on a motor boat with batman in search of Mc Donalds secret base. But unfriendly eyes watch their progress.

For back issues of Smegma # 9 send a quid to Angus 34 Frankfort Ave, Rathgar, Dublin 6.



Josefina Riviera was 25 years old when she first met Gary Heidnik. It was by the gas station on sixth and Girard, Philadelphia, U.S.A on the night of November 26 1986. An orphan of black/hispanic origin, she had been brought up by nuns and since her late teens had scraped a living by working the streets as a prostitute. That night she had gone out to turn a trick to raise a few dollars coz she was hungry.

Heidnik, a greasy haired white man with cold blue eyes dressed in a fringed buckskin jacket and gaudy shirt, picked her up in his grey and white coupe de ville with his initials "GMH" on the door (he must have had trouble findin his car). He took her to Mc Donalds and got her something to eat. Completley ignoring her he sipped on a coffee until she was finished. Then he suggested they go back to his house on North Marshall street.

As Heidnik parked in the garage of number 3520 Josefina noticed a 1971 Rolls Royce. In the house itself the hallway was papered with one and five dollar bills. The bedroom Heidnik took her into however was only sparsely furnished with two chairs, a table and a big waterbed. The pair then stripped and the sex act was over in a few minutes. Heidnik handed her a \$20 bill. With that Josefina reached for her jeans. Then her nightmare began.

Heidnik leaped from the bed and throttled her into submission. He handcuffed her and dragged her out of the room and down a stairs to a dim and filthy cellar lit only by narrow windows set near the ceiling. Metal heating pipes ran around the room and he shackled her ankle to one of these and flung her onto an evil smelling mattress.

Josefina had to watch as Heidnik dug a pit in the concrete floor and she feared it was going to be her grave. Heidnik reassured her that the hole was only for punishment if she misbehaved. He told her he was only attracted to

black women. He told her his ambition was to have ten black women captive in the cellar and to have children by them all. "We'll all be one big happy family", he proclaimed. He told her that he had served four years in prison for the rape of a mentally retarded black girl. It had been unfair because the sex was voluntary he claimed and finally he told her that the daughter he'd had by another mentally retarded black woman had been put in a home. "Society owes me a wife and family", he told Josefina before forcing her to perform oral sex on him. Then he placed his head on her naked lap, told her to be quite and slept.

Later the next day Josefina managed to force open a boarded over window and scream for help. Nobody came. Heidnik heard her though. He beat her, threw her into the pit and left her with a radio playing rock music at full volume to drown out any more cries for help.

Two days later Heidnik went out again. He was looking for his former girl-friend, a slightly retarded black woman of 25 named Sandra Lindsay. Heidnik was furious at her. Some time before he had paid her \$1000 to have his baby but she had aborted it.

That evening he came back with the terrified Sandra and she too was stripped and shackled. The woman were told by Heidnik that God had commanded him to collect women so that like a bee to flowers he could move from one to the other impregnating them. They were to be the nucleus of his baby farm. The following day the two girls had a moment of hope when they heard pounding on the front door. Heidnik told them later the callers had been Sandra's sister and two cousins searching for her in her old haunts. Heidnik later forced Sandra to write a letter to her mother saying she was alright and later he posted it from New York.

On December 22 Lisa Thomas, aged 19, was accosted by a white man sitting in a Lincoln convertible. She accepted his invitation to dinner and afterwards agreed to go home with him to watch video tapes.



"I fell asleep and the next thing I know he was choking me and had handcuffed me. He took me down to the basement and put chains on my legs. He beat me with a wooden stick. There were two other women down there. They were chained too."

Heidnik's basement was cold and lit only by a bare bulb. The floor was covered in litter. The routine was the same each day. Heidnik would beat the women and force them to perform sexual acts on him and each other. He fed them on a diet of bread, dog food, oatmeal and ice-cream which he kept in a deep freeze in the corner of the cellar.

Now and again Heidnik would take one of the women upstairs for a bath, rape her and bring her down again.

Over the next few weeks two more women were to be chained up in that cellar. The first was 23 years old Deborah Dudley who joined the other three on New Years Day 1987. Heidnik came to regret taking her for she was of strong character and fought back inciting the others to revolt. Heidnik beat her often.

On January 18 Jacquelyn Askins, who was 18, was kidnapped by Heidnik. She was a very slightly built girl who's ankles were so thin shackles could not be used on them so Heidnik used handcuffs instead.

At the end of January unable to put up with the constant rape, beatings and mental abuse Sandra Lindsey went on hunger strike. Heidnik responded by hanging her by one wrist from an overhead beam and forceing her to eat lumps of bread, holding her lips shut until she swallowed. For a week she hung feverishly from the beam until finally she died of exhaustion. Heidnik carried the body upstairs. Soon the women in the cellar heerd the whine of an electric saw followed by the pungent odour of cooking flesh.

That night Deborah Dudley had a bout of rebelliousness and physically fought Heidnik when he came to rape her. In reply the furious man unshackled her and dragged her upstairs. A few minutes later she came down silent and shocked. When she could speak she told the others. "He showed me Sandra's head cooking in a pot. And he had her ribs cooking in a roasting pan in the oven and her arms and legs were in the freezer. He told me if I didn't start listening to him that was going to happen to me too."

Heidnik at this stage began to mix Sandra's flesh with the dog food, by blending them in a food processor, and feed her to the other captives. But despite all the horror she had seen Deborah rebelled again on March 18. This time Heidnik threw her down into the pit in the floor and poured water in on top of her. Then Heidnik made Josefina push a live electric wire through a hole in the boards covering the pit. Deborah gave one terrible scream. When the boards were removed she lay dead in the water.

Next came another cruelty. Heidnik jabbed a screwdriver in the womens ears twisting it around in an attempt to rupture their eardrums and make them deaf so that they would be unable to hear a rescue attempt. Josefina was not subjected to this however. For some time now the street wise girl had cunningly worked at winning Heidnik's trust by passing on information on what the others were saying and beating them on Heidnik's orders. Heidnik responded first by allowing her out of the cellar to have meals with him upstairs. Then by taking her out for rides in his cadillac or Rolls royce and going for meals at Mc Donalds. He even went as far as buying her wigs and clothes. She was with him when he buried Deborah in a New Jersey park on the night of March 22. He stopped on the way back to buy a newspaper.

"I want to check on my stocks", he told Josefina.

On March 23 Heidnik took Josefina out driving and togeather they picked up Agnes Adams, aged 24, another prostitute known on the streets as Vickie and a friend of Josefina. Agnes suffered the same fate as the other women on arriving at Heidnik's house.

Josefina had become so trusted by this stage that the next day she persuaded Heidnik to let her see her family (she hadn't one) to put their minds at rest. She promised to return. Heidnik dropped her off at the same corner he'd picked her up at four months before. Josefina now free rushed to the home of an ex-boyfriend. He was shocked to see the thin and haggard state she was in, he was to be more shocked by the tale she had to tell.

"She was, you know, talking real fast about this guy having three girls chained up in the basement of this house and she was held





hostage for four months. She said he was beating them up, raping them, had them eating people just like he was a cold blood nut. I thought she was crazy."

The police switchboard operator was inclined to side with the latter point of view but thankfully the apathetic scepticism that was later to be a factor in the Dalmer case, which also involved black working class victims, was not shown and a patrol car was dispatched.

When the police arrived they had their doubts thinking perhaps Josefina was on drugs but one look at her ankles which bore the marks where shackels had eroded the flesh convinced them there diffently something to her story. Josefina gave them Heidniks address, 3520 North Marshall st, and it was kept under observation while a warrant was obtained and a search team assembled. The two storey brick house was in a white working class neighbourhood and had bars over its windows. On the outside was a placard which read "United Church of the Ministers of God" and it was guarded by two fierce dogs.

Police forced entry into the house at 4.30 am on March 25 and were confronted by the bearded Heidnik who raised his hands as soon as he saw drawn guns. He

was taken into custody. In the basement police torches picked out the terrified faces of two black women huddled under a blanket on a dirty mattress. The women were shackled, chained, filthy, bruised and naked apart from skimpy T-shirts and they cringed and whimpered in the light. They were terrified at first but when they realised they were being rescued they cried in joy and kissed the police officers hands in gratitude.

Sergeant Frank Mc Closkey asked them "Is anyone here but you". The two women who were Jacquelyn Askins and Agnes Adams pointed to a board on the floor. "She's there, she's in the hole", they said. Pushing the board aside the cops discovered a pit in which crouched the naked Lisa Thomas. She too was shackled and her hands were cuffed behind her back. She was so weak she had to be lifted out of the hole and immediatley started screaming. "It's alright", the other women assured her, "we're free".

Police had to use bolt cutters to remove the shackels and the women were rushed to hospital. All were extremely thin and weak. The police now searched the house. They found a stack of porno mags all of which featured black women. On the stove was a burnt cooking pot, it's interior covered with a thick crust. One cop opened the fridge and was confronted by a human fore-arm and other body parts. "That did it", he later commented and he ran outside and vomited. One of the dogs was found to be chewing on a human leg bone.

Philadelphia had a monstor living in its midst but who was Gary Heidnik and and out of what hole had he crawled. Born in November 1943 in Cleveland Heidnik is the archetypal serial killer. Of above average intelligence having an I.Q of 130(30 above normal)he had had a loveless childhood. His heavy drinking racist father beat him often. At school he had been the object of ridicule for other children who use to taunt him about the shape of his head. They called him football head. Heidnik had in fact a slightly

deformed head due to injuries which he received when he fell out of a tree. Incidentally a high proportion of serial killers have a history of head injuries. Heidnik spent a lot of time as a child in solitary fantasizing mainly about getting rich. Terry Heidnik, Gary's younger brother, described their childhood in this manner, "we were raised in a family atmosphere of violence and racism. It was an unhappy childhood". Mind you Terry didn't become a mad rapist killer looney.

In October 1961 Gary Heidnik joined the army. After basic training he was transferred to Landstuhl in Germany. On August 25 1962 he complained to an army doctor of headaches and dizzy spells and was diagnosed as being either schizoid or schizophrenic.

On January 23 1963 he was given an honourable discharge and awarded a 100% disability pension for life coz his condition was considered to be service related. In the years that followed he was admitted to mental hospitals at least 21 times and attempted suicide on 13 occasions. He became increasingly obsessed with god. This obsession led him, in 1971, to start up a religion to be known as the United Church of the Ministers of God. Heidnik was to be Bishop for life. The church was registered with the state and under U.S laws was exempt from taxes.

Heidnik's congregation was largely comprised of black physical and mental cripples. In 1978 he had a child by one of this congregation, Aljeanette Davison. She had an I.Q of 49 and was completely under Heidnik's spell. A baby girl was born and immediately fostered by the state.

Heidnik went on to kidnap Aljeanette's sister Alberta from an institute for the mentally handicapped in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. She was held by Heidnik for a number of days before the police got round to raiding his house. Here they found the terrified woman crammed in a garbage bin in the cellar. Since she had a venereal infection in her throat gross sexual abuse was not hard to prove. In November 1978 he was sentenced to seven years in a state penitentiary. In the end he did just over four years, mostly in mental hospitals, being released in April 1983.

By now Heidnik was quite a wealthy man. When he registered his church in 1971 his total assets were \$1500 but twelve years later thanks to his shrewd playing of the stock market the funds had multiplied to \$545,000.

Heidnik bought the house on North Marshall St and a steady stream of prostitutes, always black, was noticed by the neighbours coming and going from it. Deciding he wanted an oriental wife he got one through an agency and filipino girl Betty Distro flew out to join him. They were married three days later. A week after that Betty came home from shopping to find him in bed with three black women. Heidnik tried to assure her that this was a normal custom for american males but when he finally raped her she left him in January 1986. In fact when the police raided his house he seems to have thought it was about his late alimony payments.

Within hours of his arrest Heidnik was attacked by disgusted fellow prisoners who broke his nose. In isolation for his own protection he attempted to hang himself in the shower but was rescued unconscious but alive.

Gary Heidnik's trial began on June 20 1988. It was obvious from the outset that the defence tactic would be to claim insanity. It took a long time to choose a jury as the defence sought an all white jury.

In a three hour stint in the witness stand Josefina Riveria described in graphic detail the horror of life in Heidnik's basement. But it was the tiny figure of Jacquelyn Askins that presented the most forlorn figure on the witness stand. She was so small that Heidnik had used handcuffs to shackel her ankles and his lawyer tried to suggest that a degree of compassion had been shown in the extra length of chain he had used to link them. "Oh no", said Jacquelyn, "he did that so I could open my legs for sex".

"Did he beat you?", asked the prosecutor. "Yes almost from the first moment. He hit me five times with a thick brown stick. He told me to beat Sandy regularly. He'd get his kicks from seeing us beat each other. Then he'd get on top of me and make me suck his penis. I'd suck his penis and another

girl would suck his balls. Then he'd have sex with one girl and I'd lie beside him so I could catch his juice". She told of the frequent beatings she endured and having to eat dogfood sandwiches.

A psychiatrist called by the defence argued that there existed within the head of Heidnik an adult mind and the mind of a 17 month old. It was the infantile part of the mind that kidnapped and raped women. Heidnik was a schizophrenic, he declared firmly. The judge was openly sceptical to this explanation and ruled that the defence could not call in evidence Heidnik's 20 year history of mental illness.

On July 1 the jury after 2½ days of deliberation brought in a verdict of guilty on all counts. Heidnik was sentenced to death on the two murder charges and to a 120 years imprisonment on the others, namely kidnapping, rape, aggravated assault, involuntary deviate sexual intercourse, indecent exposure, false imprisonment, unlawful restraint, simple assault, making terroristic threats, recklessly endangering another person, indecent assault, criminal solicitation and finally possession and abuse of a corpse.

In the end however the death sentence was not carried out on Heidnik as it was in abeyance in Pennsylvania at the time. In January 1990 the supreme court refused Heidnik's request to be executed and almost simultaneously the U.S. bankruptcy court divided his \$600,000 among his creditors. Each of his surviving victims was awarded \$34,540 for her ordeal.

Today Gary Heidnik is prisonor F1398 at the state correctional institution at Pittsburg. He eats alone, showers alone, exercises alone and is watched at all times in case he attempts to commit suicide or another prisonor attempts to do the job for him.

Below: Josefina Riviera (right) leaves court with another of Heidnik's victims, having given evidence at his trial.



Paleside Poets



Paleside Poets are a Dublin band that have been gicing around the city for over a year now. They recently got two tracks on The Cutting Edge CI which was a comp of unsigned Irish bands released by Panic Records. This interview was done in a pub on Thomas St with Asbro(vocals),Billy (bass)and Boz(guitar).

Q.What song would you most like to be played at your funeral ?
Billy:Some Beatles song, Lucy in the sky with Diamonds.

Asbro:It would have to be for me our own song "Most Vicious Circle",not out of a vanity thing but I think it stands for everything I believe in.
Boz:"The End" by The Doors.

Q.What legendary L.P would you have most wanted to be at the recording o
Billy:The The's "Infected" L.P coz they were just so socially conscious
Wow it was just where it's at. I loved that L.P. I love The The.
Asbro:"Master of Puppets" by Metallica. Basically coz it was a turning
for Metallica who are a band that very much influenced me.
Boz:The Velvet Undergounds "Loaded".

Q.If you were to be a gladiator on the T.V series what would you call
yourself ?

Billy: Boner Asbro:Drinker Boz:Boz

Q.What's the most silly thing anyone ever said to you in all seriousness
Billy:If you were to shag an animal which animal would it be?
Angus:And what did you answer?

Billy:A horse obviously coz you can always get a ride home after.
Asbro:Socialism doesn't work,look at Russia.

Boz:Billy came up to me and said do you want to get a jam togeather and
I said I've got loads of jam at home.

Angus:Yes well that's the most silly thing you ever said to anyone.

Q.If you were to have a close encounter of the third kind and the Alien asked you to take it to your leader who would you take it to ?

Billy: My parents, ha.

Asbro: Joe Higgins, Socialist Party T.D.

Boz: I wouldn't say there is a leader.

Angus: So you wouldn't take it to anybody.

Asbro: He'd say is that leader or dealer.

Angus: I like that we'll print that.

Q.If you were to play on playschool through which window would you like to be seen and why?

Billy: The multi-faceted window which is known as the RRR-angle window.

Angus: Why ?

Billy: Well hell no-one else has played on it.

Angus: Coz it doesn't exist.

Billy: Hey that's neither here nor there.

Angus: Ok we'll print that.

Asbro: I'd like to jump through the window coz I think playschool and programmes like that are just patronizing to children.

Boz: What is playschool.

Q.Anything else to say ?

Billy: There's not many venues around here is there at the moment.
A distinct lack of venues in Dublin.



Billy

Boz

Asbro

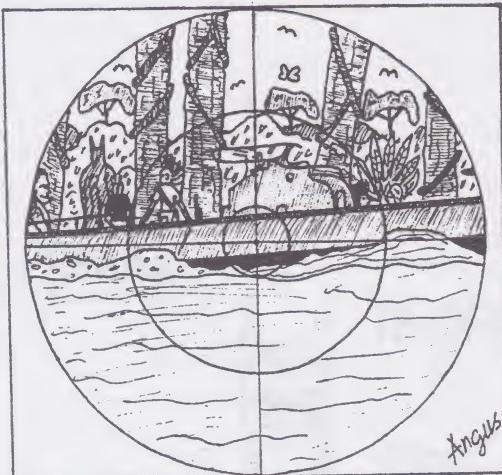
Paleside Poets

Contact : Damien. Tel : (01)6231594

THE
UNHOLY
ALLIANCE

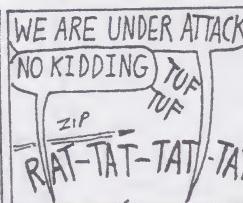
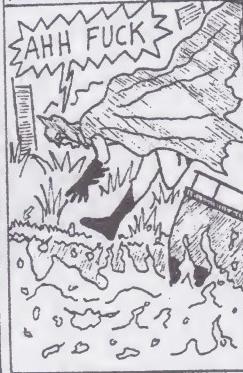
PART FOUR: FIREFIGHT





THE FORCE OF THE
EXPLOSION SENDS THE
DARK KNIGHT FALLING
ARSE OVER TIT.....

...INTO THE MUDDIED
TROPICAL PIRANHA
INFESTED WATERS



BACAR GOES FOR IT



FUCK THIS SHIT
I'LL GIVE THEM
SOMETHING
TO THINK
ABOUT



HUEY LETS RIP
WITH AN M-79
GRENADE LAUNCHER
LOADED WITH WHITE
PHOSPHORUS



HOWEVER IN ORDER TO
SEE HIS SHOT FALL
HE REMAINS OUT OF
COVER FOR TOO
LONG AND PAYS
WITH A BULLET
THROUGH THE UPPER
ARM



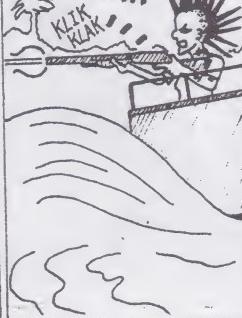
HE HITS HIS TARGET
THOUGH



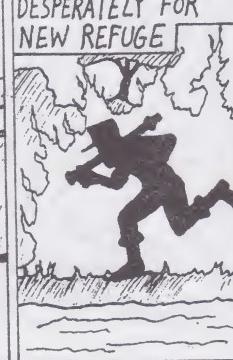
W.P. BURNS INTENSELY ON CONTACT
WITH OXYGEN, WITH HORRIFIC RESULTS
FOR THOSE ON THE RECEIVING END



PUKHHRRR
YOU CUNTS
PUKHHRR
PUKHHRR



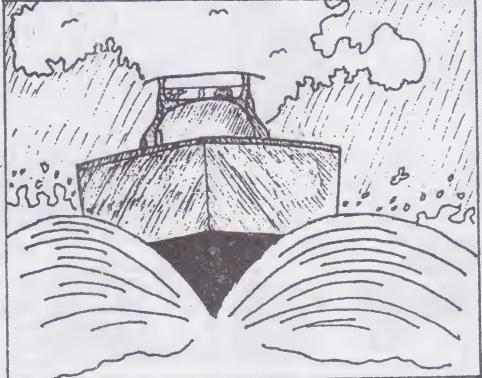
ON THE BANK, DRIVEN
FROM COVER BY THE
PHOSPHORUS FIRE,
A FIGURE SEARCHES
DESPERATELY FOR
NEW REFUGE



THREE SHOTS FROM
KARMASITA'S TRENCH
GUN MAKE SURE HE
NEVER FINDS IT



BACAR SWINGS THE BOAT AROUND THE RIVER BEND AND OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE



A LITTLE FURTHER DOWNSTREAM HE BEACHES THE VESSEL ON A MUDBANK



THE ECO-COMMANDOS RALLY IN THE JUNGLE 100 METRES FROM THE BOAT. RIGHT FOLKS LISTEN UP OUR NEW PALS, WHOEVER THEY ARE, ARE HEADING IN THIS DIRECTION RIGHT NOW...



.....WE'RE GOING TO CIRCLE AROUND AND BACK TO THE BOAT AND COME IN BEHIND THEM, AND THEN....



KAAACKK



NORBERT, HUEY IS HIT, HE'S NOT UP TO IT

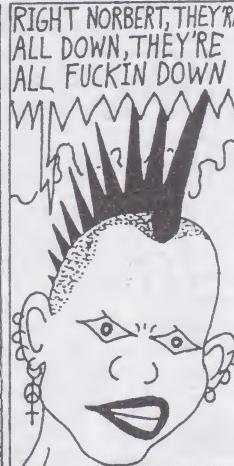


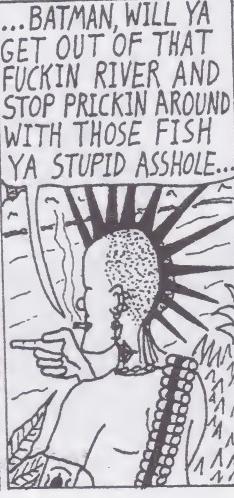
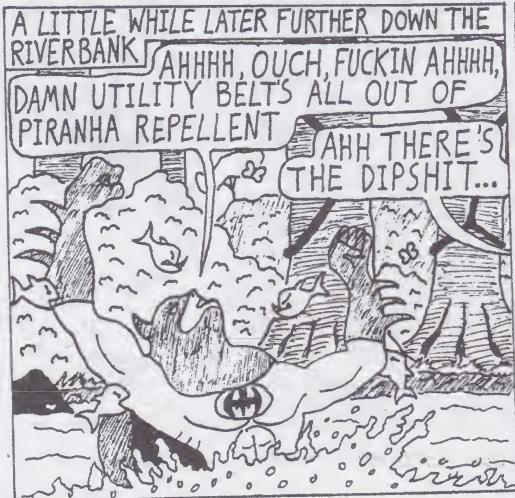
OK GRETA YOU STAY WITH HIM AND GET UNDER COVER, THE REST OF YOU WITH ME



THE ECO-COMMANDOS MOVE SWIFTLY AND QUIETLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE....







BACK AT THE BOAT

WELL GILLIE, FIND OUT ANYTHING?



A NUMBER OF THINGS NORB, A NUMBER OF THINGS



FIRST OFF, THESE BASTARDS ARE WEARING S.S. TABS AND RANK PATCHES



SECONDLY THEY'RE CARRYING S.S ID PAPERS AND DOCUMENTS



THIS IDENTIFIES THE BEARER AS SS-UNTER-SCHARFUHRER EMIL DURR OF THE 26th S.S PANZERGRENADIER REGIMENT

NOW, THERE'S A DATE OF BIRTH IN HERE

THING IS OUR FRIEND DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE WAS BORN BACK IN 1919

STRANGER STILL, THERE'S A FUCKING DATE OF DEATH, THE 27/6/44



AND TO TOP IT ALL OFF WOULD YOU BELIEVE THERE'S A DATE OF RE-BIRTH THE 27/6/75

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DEALING WITH REINCARNATED BLOODY WAFFEN-SS ZOMBIE MEN HERE

REINCARNATED BLOODY WAFFEN-SS ZOMBIE MEN?

YES NORBERT, RE-INCARNATED BLOODY WAFFEN-SS ZOMBIE MEN. **THE BASTARDS**



BOY THAT'S, LIKE,
REALLY, REALLY
WEIRD GILLIE.

DAMN RIGHT IT IS,
AND IT GETS WEIRDER
LOOK AT THIS

I FOUND IT TUCKED
INTO THE ID BOOK

WHAT IS IT?

SEE FOR YOURSELF

WHY IT'S A VOUCHER
FOR A MEAL AT
MC DONALDS

THAT'S RIGHT, BIG
MAC, FRENCH FRIES
AND A REGULAR
SHAKE

NORBERT

AHH BILLY
WHAT'S UP

FOUND TRAIL BACK
IN JUNGLE. SOLDIERS
CAME FROM WAY OF
COLOMBIAN BORDER.
TRAIL GOOD. CAN
TRACK IF YOU
LIKE

HMM, LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE ONTO SOME-
THING INTERESTING
HERE, SOMETHING
VERY INTERESTING
INDEED

ARE THE ECO-
COMMANDOS
ONTO SOME-
THING AND
IS IT INDEED
INTERESTING?
FIND OUT
IN THE NEXT
EXCITING
ISSUE OF
SMEGMA

SKINT

C/O BARRY RUANE, 55 MEADOWBROOK PARK

BALDOYLE,
DUBLIN 13,
IRELAND.



Well folks here is a wee update on Skint just to let you know what they have been doing since last they were interviewed for Smegma in March 95. In May 95 Sonya decided to give up drumming for the band due to other commitments and Faysser from Stagnation stepped in for her.

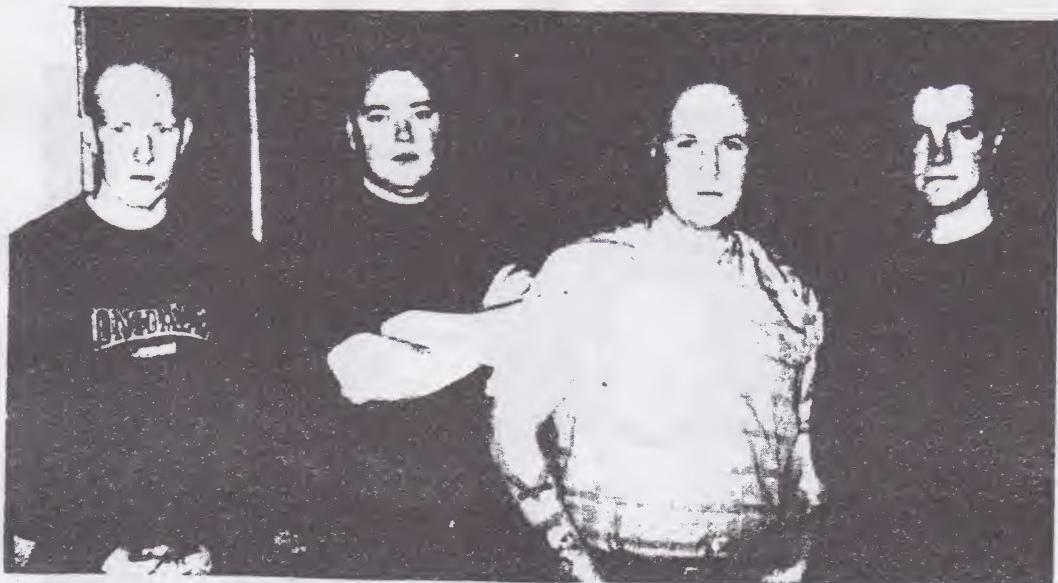
The band carried on gigging and practicing and in March 96 headed across the water for two gigs in London with fellow Dublin bands Steampig and Stagnation. By all accounts these went well.

Late that year the band recorded an 11 track demo in Blue Note Studios on Hill St. Five of these tracks made it onto a "Helen of Oi" comp L.P put out just before X-mass. The L.P was entitled "Punks, Skins & Herberts-Get a 69 Bus to Canning Town".

Other bands featured on the record were Jumpin Land Mines, Compound Fractus, The Krunchers and Bus Station Loonies. It has to be said Skint pretty much dominated the comp. They had more tracks than any other band and the front cover was composed of a photo of them arsing about on Hill St knocking back pints.

Anyway the band's been gigging throughout 97 mainly in The Chinaman here in Dublin. In April they recorded 3 songs in Sun Studios which were put out as an E.P this summer by Walzwerk Records. The E.P was called "7 inches of nOIze". Also this summer the band had three songs from the 96 demo come out on "Punk, Skins & Herberts Vol 2-What have you got to smile about" Skint hope to release an L.P on Walzwerk early next year.

RUNNIN' RIOT



Runnin' Riot are a cracker of an Oi band from Belfast. They combine great tunes with some damn fine lyrics as well. I think their song "Judge, Jury & Executioner" is a bloody classic. It's one of only three songs I've heard by them but what the hell I'm hooked and looking forward to hearing lots more. Anyway I posted off an interview to them, C/O Colin, and this is what I got back.

Q. So how did Runnin' Riot come into being and are you happy with the way the band has turned out ?

A. As yet we still haven't settled on a permanent line up but we've loads of new songs so we should be gigging again soon and to say we're happy with things would be an understatement

Q. What are the best and worst things about the Oi/Skinhead scene in Belfast ?

A. Unfortunately there is no Oi/Skinhead scene as such in Belfast but most drink in the Duke of York pub on a Saturday night where one of my mates does the door, Cormac Irelands No.1 skin.

Q. Where do you all get your hair cut and how much does it cost ye ?

A. The haircuts are all D.I.Y. We set aside half an hour every other week at band practice to shave our heads and polish our boots.

Q.Do you have a hard time getting places to play ?
A.With only a handful of gigs to date we haven't had much trouble so far except in Belfast where no-one will touch us with a barge pole.

Q.What are your plans for the future as regards gigs and records ?
A.As regards gigs we'll play anytime,anywhere. We have a couple of gigs lined up around Dublin with Skint in the coming months. Regarding records we have a couple of tracks on a Helen of Oi comp coming out around X-mass and I've also spoken to a couple of labels regarding albums. We also have a track on a comp C.D due for release on Rejected Records,thanks Mero.

Q.If you were given the job by the New Zealand fruit board of re-naming the kiwi fruit what would you call it ?
A.Kiwi fruit.

Q.What are your fave telly programmes ?
A.Steve(drummer) : Absoulutly anything to do with football
Kieth(bass) : Emmerdale or Eastenders (addicted to soaps).
Colin(vocals) : Topless darts on live T.V (cable).

Q.What was the worst job any of you ever had ?
A.Well Keith used to work for a lemonade delivery man starting at eight in the mourning and finishing at ten at night for the amazing wage of forty quid per week.

Q.What do you think is the best grub for the after hours munchies of a Saturday night ?
A.Steve : Cheesy chip. Kieth : Cheesy,curry,garlic chip. Colin : Kebab meat and chip or chicken kebab.

A.Thanks for taking an interest. Hello to Barry, the lads from Skint, the Chinaman punks & Skins, the Belfast mob, Cormac,Karen,Tracy & Liz,Bob B, Matt and Mero.

JUDGE,JURY & EXECUTIONER

Sadistic kid, played with toy guns
Poisoned cats and dogs just for fun
Always picked on kids smaller than me
Playground training for the R.U.C.
Hunting in packs, that's the game
Find the odd one out to accuse'n'blame
I'm a copper now in all me military gear
Playground taught me to rule by fear
Always wanted to be a boy in blue
Now I'm judge,jury & executioner
Don't fuck with me

RUNNIN' RIOT

C/O COLIN

145B BELVOIR DRIVE, BELVOIR PARK ESTATE, BELFAST,
BT8 4DP, N.IRELAND.

BOVVER '96



Bovver 96 are an excellent skinhead band from Philadelphia U.S.A. They boast a female singer who has a great rasping voice and their music is good stomping high energy stuff. This is an interview with Andy the bands guitar player

Q.So do you like doing fanzine interviews ?

A.We actually enjoy doing fanzine interviews. It really helps a lot to get people to listen to our band so we usually benefit from it. I like answering the variety of questions we get. Some are really fucked up.

Q.What is the situation with you as regards demos and records ?

A.Well,we still have our debut 7inch "Ghetto Oi" and "Knuckle Girls" on our own label,Steelcomb Records. We are featured on "Oi-It's Party Time" Vol 3,Skins,Punks & Herbarts Vol 2 and out soon we're on a Cockney Rejects tribute record and keep an eye out for our full length record on Walzwerk records. You may obtain these all through us.

Q.Do you do many gigs around the U.S ?

A.We don't really play out a whole bunch. We've played in North Carolina with Patriot and The Service and just recently we played with Niblick Henbane and Stormwatch. The place we play the most is our bass players house.

Q.Do the members of the band all get on with each other ?

A.That all depends on what day you catch us on, ha ha. We also hang out outside the band too. We've all known each other for a while so it wasn't like we all just met and started playing. But sometimes I don't think Deidre likes me. Ha ha ha.

Q.What local beers do you have in Philly ?

A.Local beers in Philly consist of Independence Ale,Tun tavern,Philadelphia lager and Yuengling. Our favorite beer is Peils and Deidre drinks cider.

Q.What bands from Philly do you play with and are any of them any good ?

A.We don't play with anyone from Philly and we don't even play in Philly. There is a big nazi problem here and we have a bad reputation with them.

Q.What do you all do for a living ?

A.I am a carpenter,Deidre is a paramedic,Juston also works with wood and Nick does whatever he can.

Q.Tell us about the first gig you ever played ?

A.The first gig we ever played was at some little hall in New Jersey. We were all drunk and we didn't have our bass player with us so we taught some kid three of our songs and there we were. I don't even remember finishing.

Q.Anything else to say ?

A.Thanks alot Angus for the interview. You can get our stuff through Steelcomb Records(address below).We also run a distro so write for a list and when is Ireland going to kick out the British and stop fighting with itself.

BOVVER '96 P.O. BOX 18014, PHILADELPHIA, PA 19147,
U.S.A.



STAGNATION

CIDER
REVIEW



Welcome folks to Smagma's Cider Review, the part of this noble zine where I get various brands of cider and get various Dublin punk rock legends in their own lunchtimes to give me their opinions on them. This weeks guests ladies'n'gentlemen are punk holocaust machine STAGNATION.

The band comprise of Skinny on bass and Black Oak, Fayzer on drums and

Trevor Samples the Bouquet
of le Vat Special



The man from Stagnation
he say YES



Linden Village, Trevor on vocals and Special Vat, and Jay on guitar and Old Somerset. The review was carried out down at the boathouse in good old St. Steven's Green. The crack was had by all, so much so that we all got escorted by the cops out of Eamon Dorans later after getting into a sing song with some lads from Belfast and then went on to be thrown out of the Globe. We finally ended up in The Chinaman. I got well pissed and lost me dictaphone so I had to go back to the lads again to get the review. But such is the lot of a zine writer.

Trevor on Special Vat

Cider is cider. The first half tastes nice, the second half tastes like shit. After drinking the first half it doesn't really matter about the second half. As it goes Special Vat isn't the worst. I'm not much of a cider drinker anymore but it would be one of my favourites. It's main rival for me would be Old English or maybe Linden Village. Having said that I've been known to drink Devil's Bit. If the crunch came to the crunch I'd drink home brew but let's stick to Special Vat while we have the option.

Fayzer on Linden Village

It was absolutely gorgeous. It was alot nicer than I remembered it. I haven't had it in years.

Skinny on Black Oak

It was free so it was nice. As ciders go though I grew hair on my teeth the next day. I imagine it took the enamel from the inside of the barrel cos it certainly took off the inside of my colon. One regret is

I didn't get Angus's flagon cos it nearly destroyed his life. As Trevor would say this stuff would make you lose your memory in The Garden of



Rememberence. Cheers Angus even though your a red under the bed and the table and the

JAY on Old Somerset

This is nice I said to myself as I drank my flagon of Old Somerset kindly donated by Angus. I had a nice day in a nice place even though I'm more of a smoker than a drinker. Old Somerset is now my favourite cider. I took ten minutes to pick it as I don't drink cider. I gave it five little flagons out of five little flagons that day.



JAY->

FUCK THE FUCKING FUCKED UP
FUCKERS FUCKS!

FUCK!
FUCK!
FUCK!
FUCK!
FUCK!
FUCK!
FUCK!



STAGNATION

